

Dr. Dorrance

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VOL. I. MAY 31st, 1883. NO. 22.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

Subscribers leaving town for the summer may have their copies forwarded by sending their summer address in full to this office.

If ruffianism can reach a more god-like eminence than that which it now occupies in this country, it soon will be entitled to, and will no doubt claim, divine honors. A desperado was recently shot like a dog in Chicago; his remains were brought to this city with as much ostentatious pomp as those of a Governor, and his funeral choked the streets with tens of thousands gathered to pay him homage. To secure his cowardly assassin's escape from the noose he deserved, the gold of criminals and gamblers was lavishly poured out, counsels whose names are luminous pressed their services upon him, and although the murder was clearly shown to be cowardly, deliberate and premeditated, the ruffian was acquitted, and went forth to be instantly made the lion of the city. This is the stage of civilization which we have so proudly reached. Our generals, our statesmen, scientists and law-givers, reviled, lampooned, and held up to derision—our Elliots, Dunns, Sullivans and Rossas acclaimed, quoted, made immortal!

It perhaps appears to Mrs. Langtry that the \$50,000 which accrued to her from last season's work was very dearly purchased. She may accuse the American press, and with good reason, of bad taste and most discourteous treatment, and charge our women with uncharitable conduct; for she certainly has been pilloried as but few of our malefactors are, and much of the censure and ridicule heaped upon her has been uncalled for. Still the *revers de la medaille* is not altogether unsatisfactory to the patriotic and gallant citizen who regrets that any virtuous woman has been so treated in the United States. Mrs. Langtry came hither with a blare of trumpets as the idol of the Marlborough House coterie, jewelled with the especial favor of H. R. H. the Prince himself. As toadies to everything English, our society queens were expected to pay so distinguished a British favorite their immediate and most lowly homage. Our fair daughters—the fairest the sun shines upon—were expected to group like violets about a lily, worshipping beauty upon which royalty had smiled its condescending approval. She was to reign here socially and as an artist, throned upon the prestige of her London success. But however rampant our toadies and snobs are abroad, they are not the leaders at home. The social magnates of New York esteem themselves to be quite the equal of foreign royalty at its best, and fully competent to pass upon the merits of a candidate for admission into their homes. To them the approval of Marlborough House is rather a questionable recommendation, and the fanfare of the lady's British trumpets, therefore, fell short of producing its expected impression. We prefer to judge by personal observation rather than by indirect hearsay, and the best apology for American coldness toward the British beauty was given by herself very shortly after she was put upon probation. Notoriety and caste do not go hand in hand on this side of the water. Had Mrs. Langtry's managers been wise enough to keep past royal favors out of sight, and had the lady herself been properly mind-

ful of her matronly dignity and kept at his distance the rich, but silly and hitherto obscure boy who played moth to her candle, she would at least have had no reason to complain of ungallant treatment from the American press, and would perhaps have been more civilly received by members of society at large. As it was, the position taken by American ladies is to their credit.

Crowned as Czar, what then? What a satire upon royalty, that an emperor on his road to coronation must be guarded from his own subjects, and that his very guards themselves must be watched lest they betray him. It seems as if in the whirligig of Russian time, Emperor and serf had changed places!

APROPOS of the Bridge, our highly esteemed contemporary the *Herald* has revived the subject of the fusion of Brooklyn and New York into one municipality, and urges in its favor the undoubted fact that with but one government there would be fewer political rats in the cupboard. The mere geographical division of the two cities by a river has now practically ceased to be an obstacle, and the question is open to discussion on its political merits. Neither the Seine nor the Thames divide the cities through which they flow, and why should the East River? Our peoples and interests are in common, our governments, honestly conducted, could be consolidated to both pecuniary and political advantage, and our mutual standing as cities be strengthened by the union. The only question is, could the corruption which has reigned on both sides of the river be purged from our offices by the transfusion of fresh blood. It is to be doubted. But it could not be made worse, and, as our contemporary says, the fewer the thieves the more easily may they be watched. Let us be united.

WE print in another column an interesting treatment of sordid evangelism, by our wise and good brother laborer, the San Francisco *Argonaut*. To cap the instance which called this forth, comes a soul-searching appeal from Presbyterian pulpits all over the country for more money. Their preachers are deserting them for more lucrative positions, and only the wealthy churches can now keep a pastor. On this subject, this is the position taken by our luminous contemporary, the *Sun*:

"There is, if we may so speak, a corner in Presbyterian preachers. The fat flocks hold them in such a way that the lean flocks cannot get hold of them. The flocks that browse in rich pastures know nothing of the famine; the flocks that herd in scrubby fields suffer all its calamities and shiver unheeded. Well, this question of the 'famine of preachers' is discussed, from time to time, by the papers that fly the flag of modern religion. And what is their favorite remedy for it? Attract men to the pulpit by the glitter of gold; pay heavier salaries to preachers; show them that they can make money there. Give them such incomes that they can live in fine style, figure in high society, and have a soft thing of it. They are constantly whining over the poor pay of preachers, and giving this as a reason why the demand is greater than the supply; they are forever declaring that preachers do not get their full share of the prizes of life, and that they have fewer chances to get rich than are enjoyed by men of other vocations. This, they tell us, is the reason of so many pulpits being vacant, and then they warn us that these pulpits will never be filled until the jingle of the money box is loud enough to tempt men into the clerical profession."

There is a complaint that religious fervor and abnegation is being supplemented in the universal heart by worldliness and love for material and temporary joys. With these examples before their eyes, what wonder that the flocks quit not their earthly pastures. The theory of all Christian divines is that they preach Christ and Him crucified, but recent facts seem to show that the practical view of many is that the Dollar is God, and that soul-saving is a business conducted for material returns.

DIRECT FROM MOSCOW.

COMFORTS OF COOK'S SYSTEM.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

THE SUN OVER THE YARD-ARM.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MOSCOW, May 26, 1883.

THE Czar is to be crowned to-morrow, the 27th, at eleven o'clock A.M. sharp. I have seen little or nothing of the party of "tourists" of the Antwerp boat since I have been in Moscow, but the Conductor is with me most of the time. Nothing has been said by any one to me as yet of the blowing up of the Czar, and I am beginning to hope that the blowing up has blown over. The "Conductor," my old friend of St. Quentin, London and Antwerp, I have really got to like, and I pleasantly call him "No. One," as we sit and play cribbage or bezique together. Every day after our walk around the city, during which he blends instruction with amusement, it has been our custom to come to my parlor at eleven o'clock A.M. sharp.

"NUMBER ONE," or the "Conductor," looking out the window, remarks to me with a knowing wink, "The sun is over the yard-arm," and as the clock strikes eleven I press the knob of the electric bell, thereby summoning the garçon, who brings two cock-tails.

We have been here for ten days now, and it is become a habit with me to press the electric knob at eleven sharp. You know how strong the force of habit is, especially when the yielding to habit always brings a Muscovite Gannymede to the rescue.

"Number One" isn't half a bad fellow after all; and I am beginning to think that I am the victim of a huge practical joke, though, to be sure, it is carrying a joke rather far to take a man to Moscow (cf. Joe Miller). To-morrow morning my suspense will be over, as I am certain that it is not intended to blow up the Czar *after* he is crowned.

L'ENVOI.

On the morning of May 27th, 1883, a fair-haired man nervously entered a room in a hotel in Moscow, followed by a singularly tall man, whose boyish, almost child-like face seems to contradict a fierce, determined look in his black and flashing eyes.

"What a motley crowd the coronation attracts," said the fair-haired man as he flung himself into a chair and looked gloomily into the fire.

"Yes, a motley crowd," replied the other, smiling and showing his toothless jaw. "But while the Czar is surrounded by such cohorts of armed men, it seems impossible that any attempt can be made upon his life."

The fair-haired man shivered with the nervous tremor of an Italian grayhound, and hastily drawing his watch from his pocket, glanced at it.

"It wants two minutes of eleven! Hear, the great

band has struck up the Russian national hymn! Do you desire anything of me?"

"Nothing in particular," answered the other, languidly lighting a cigarette. "Will you not smoke?" No. Then I might remind you that the sun is over the yard-arm!"

The fair-haired man arose from his chair and walked towards the electric knob.

"The Czar is being crowned," he said to himself. "And nothing further is required of me?" he asked aloud, staying his hand at the knob.

"Nothing further!"

"Thank heaven!"

He pressed the knob, and breathed a sigh of relief. A tremendous explosion seemed to rend the heavens, and the whole hotel shook. When the trembling ceased, the national hymn was no longer heard, but cries of agony and alarm arose from the city.

"What has happened?" shrieked the unhappy correspondent.

"The Czar has not been crowned to-day, thanks to you, that is all," calmly answered the tall man.

At this moment a pale waiter rushed into the room. "Bring two vermouth cocktails, and quickly, too," ordered the tall man, with one of his ghastly smiles.

* * * * *

WANTED, a correspondent for this paper in the foreign capitals. Recompense no object. Apply to the editors of LIFE, 1155 Broadway, N. Y.

DORGAN MIX'S Extract of Gospel cures Sleeplessness.—Adv.

WANTED.—A second-hand organ and a small monkey. Address Roscoe C., this office.—Adv.

DR. AUTOCRAT.

INVIDIOUS detractors have asserted that Dr. Autocrat's immense reputation rested less upon his own merits than upon the song written about him by the late J. Howard Payne, and well and favorably known as Holmes sweet Holmes. That this song had its influence in establishing Dr. Autocrat's fame is probable, but no competent judge will deny that his position as the world's champion middle-weight poet is one that he holds by virtue of his personal gifts.

Dr. Autocrat's life has been eminently various. He was educated as a physician, but either in the interest of his professional brethren, or to satisfy his vagrant tastes, he became runner for a boarding-house in Boston, the attractions of which he advertised with an ingenuity which met with deserved success.

There is a rumor, too, that he has been on the turf in various capacities, but this, as well as the report that he has told snake stories, is not credited by his friends. Indeed, Dr. Autocrat's name does not require vindication, and his boldness in accepting the dinner lately given in his honor, by the doctors of New York, is itself a proof that at home his professional standing is strong enough to stand a perceptible strain.



FOREBODINGS.

Time—Two days before the wedding.

Scene—Parlor. Fond couple opening boxes and packages containing presents.

She: OH, ARTHUR, SEE WHAT DEAR JOSIE HAS SENT US; IT LOOKS VERY EXPENSIVE AND MAKES THE 299TH.

He: AND IS DEAR JOSIE SINGLE AND PRETTY?

She: YES, INDEED. WHY?

He: OH, NOTHING. ONLY I AM SURPRISED TO SEE HOW FEW *married* PEOPLE YOU KNOW.

(Counts saltcellars and thinks in despair of future demands on a small income.)

SALVE, BACKUS! VALE, BIRCH!

WE TENDER our hearty congratulations to Professor Backus upon his election to the Presidency of Packer Institute. His many years' service in the San Francisco Minstrels entitle him to a withdrawal from public life, and he carries to his new field of labor the sympathy and best will of this community.

For several years past Professor Backus has held the chair of Spherical Cachinnation at Vassar, and the result has been noted with pride by every graduate. It is to be lamented that New York will never know him more, for with his departure the most remarkable *Othello* of the century has quitted the stage. In this connection we learn with pain that Professor Backus' twin brother, Professor Birch, is considering a call to the chair of Calisthenics and Moral Philosophy at Vassar. He will either accept this or play *Romeo* to Susan B. Anthony's *Juliet*

next season, under the management of Salmi Morse. In either case he has our best wishes and blessing.

THE birdlet on the treeling
Now carols forth his notelet,
The boy that hath no feeling
Ties tin cans to the goatlet.

What then? The spring is here,
In palace and in butlet;
The goat doth get upon his ear,
And gives that boy a but-let.

—Harvard Crimson.

SALMI MORSE having been granted a license for his theatre, he will now produce his play entitled "A Bustle Among Petticoats." If it skirts on the vulgar, it should be suppressed by the pelisse.—*Norristown Herald.*

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF AN UNDER-GRADUATE.

MAY 17TH.

LAST night I was initiated into the Red Letter Club—nick-named by outsiders "The Dead-Letter Club." Father wrote last week, giving his consent to my joining the club. He objects to the Greek letter societies as frivolous and a waste of time; but he cordially approved my entering an association whose object is defined by the constitution—a noble instrument—as "the culture of the mind and the mutual improvement of the members, socially, intellectually and morally."

The meetings are held at Mrs. Bruno's ale house, a place not as unspotted of the world as the President's lecture room, but very respectable—for an ale house. I was told to report there at 8 P.M. On entering the tap-room I was a little in doubt, as there was no one there but the usual bar-keeper, with red face and blue moustache. I asked him if this was Mrs. Bruno's, and he answered, with that indirectness which I have noticed in bar-keepers (and which is singularly like the responses in the Greek tragic dialogue):

"Wal, Bruno's the name on the sign-board, I guess."

At this moment Hudson, who is president of the club, heard my voice, and opening an inner door, beckoned me into the snug-gery. All the members were present except Watson, who came in late and was fined fifty cents. I signed my name to the constitution, and took an iron-clad oath to support it to the bloody end. There were some Babylonish red curtains at the window, which lent a cheerful air to the scene, but my feelings were outraged by the mural decorations—a green and yellow lithograph of the Prodigal Son and a chromo of the Good Samaritan pouring arnica into the wounds of our man who fell among thieves.

Dempster opened the literary exercises by reading an essay on life insurance. He was frequently interrupted by bursts of applause. Impatient and critical spirits solaced themselves during the reading by munching the soothing almond and raisin. But he was followed by Higginson, who told from memory Dr. Quincy's story of the "Spanish Nun," an affliction which lasted an hour and a half, and which neither sweetmeats nor stimulants could mitigate. A contribution was then read from the Harvard Chapter, of which I obtained a copy.

HORATIAN DIALOGUE.

LEWIS.—Walter, about your room you often tell,
To talk about your pictures never cease;
But in one thing you'll own that I excel—
I have a cattle piece.

WALTER.—Lewis, in vain you try to shake my mind
By saying this thing which, you hope, is new.
Unreasoning boaster, ignorant and blind,
I have one too!

LEWIS.—My cattle lie upon a gentle hill,
And calmly gaze into the distant west,
While the low sun shines on each glistening rill,
And sinks to rest.

WALTER.—Mine proudly stand upon the mountain turf,
And view with wondering eyes the landscape wide,
Silently listening to the tumbling surf
On far-off ocean side.

LEWIS.—From this vain striving now let each one cease:
This much I own, your cattle piece *is* fine.

WALTER.—Well said, O friend: praise you your cattle piece,
And I'll praise mine.

The MSS. are filed away in a red box, labelled "Veal Cutlets." A Hebe with a *retroussé* nose then brought in the Welsh rabbits. They were a little too Welsh for me, and were made of what our Sheffield member called "granulated" cheese. Not wishing to be unfaithful to the traditions of the club, I ate a rabbit and a half, and experienced the most deplorable consequences afterwards.

Nor were the entire resources of modern science applied to the ventilation of the oyster pie which followed. Watson informed me that they had once had a roast duck, but the strain on the resources of Mrs. Bruno's *cuisine* had been awful. The wine was an offence to taste—a North Carolina product known as "Scup-*pernong*."

The members of the club then had the opportunity of enjoying that inestimable privilege—the right of suffrage—in balloting for officers for the ensuing term. The result was announced amid the wildest enthusiasm, and the idols of popular favor received their honors in the customary blushing manner. Finally, after an enlivening song, we put on our hats—unlike the Arabs—and silently stole away.

I have written to father for the initiation fee (ten dollars), saying that the exercises of the club are of a most profitable character, and that I feel my mind already greatly improved.



THERE was a young man who said, "There!
I can steal in during this prayer!"
But the shriek of his shoes
So pervaded the pews,
That he sank in his seat in despair.

LEAVE Washington by Conkling and Platt R. R.—
Adv.

USE Robeson's Anti-Navy Plug Prescription. Cures
Sea-sickness.—*Adv.*

HAVE your political reputations patched. 25 cents.
S. Robeson.—*Adv.*

Go to — by the Ingersoll and Hades R. R.—
Adv.

THEY COMPROMISE.

AND finally the invitation
To the Coronation—
Came back to Her Majesty Alexand-
rina Victoria, of the United King-
dom of Great Britain and Ireland
Queen, and the Colonies and De-
pendencies thereof, Empress of
India, Defender of the Faith, etc.,
etc., and she remarked in consternation: "Bless my soul!

Of the whole
Family, including Frederick
William, Victor Albert, Albert
Wilhelm Heinrich, Joachim
Frederick Ernest Waldemar,
George Frederick Ernest
Albert, Ernest Louis Charles
Albert William, Alfred
Alexander William Ernest
Albert, and the interesting
crop of His Royal High-
ness Prince Frederick Christian
Charles Augustus, of
Schleswig-Holstein-Sonder-
burg-Augustenburg, namely,
viz., to wit: Christian Vic-
toria Albert Ludwig Ernest
Anton and Albert John Char-
les Frederick Alfred George,
and all the rest upon the
Royal roll,

And a score
More

Whom I do not know,
Is n't there a single one to go?"

And then George Frederick Alexander
Charles Ernest Augustus, K.G.,
Duke of Cumberland, ex-Knight
of Hanover, [bounced,] got off his
stool in the north-west corner of
the establishment, and made a
suggestion that was seconded by a
man with ten names and carried
unanimously, viva voce, sic itur
ad astra, quousque tandem, per
capita.

He said: "Darn it!
Let's send Sir Garnet."

—Puck.



A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE, ETC.

Young Collector: HERE IS A VERY ANCIENT LITTLE PIECE OF CHINESE IVORY EVIDENTLY OF SOME HISTORICAL VALUE, AND I ONLY PAID FORTY DOLLARS FOR IT. CAN YOU TRANSLATE THE INSCRIPTION FOR ME?

Professor, after profound study: THIS, SIR, IS A LAUNDRY CHECK. THE INSCRIPTION IS AN ENGLISH ONE WRITTEN IN CHINESE CHARACTERS AND SAYS, "NO MONEY, NO WASHEE."

Young collector does not say that he has promised to take two more at the same price if the dealer can secure them for him.

JUDKINS' BOY.

EVERYBODY is allus a-givin' it to Dudes. News-
papers makes fun of 'em, and artists makes pictures
of 'em; and the only ones in the wide world that's stuck
on Dudes is me and the Dudes theirself, and we love
and cherish 'em with all a parent's fond regards. And
nobody knows much about Dudes neither, 'cause they
haint been broke out long enough yet to tell jist what
the disease is. Some says its softinning of the brains,
and others claims it can't be that, on the grounds they
haint got no material for the softinning to work on,
&c., &c., till even "Sientests is puzzled", as The Good
Book says. And if I was agoing to say what ails
Dudes I'd have to give it up, er pernounce it a agger-
vated case of the Tyfoid-blues, which is my onnest
convictions. That's what makes me kindo stand in
with 'em—same as ef they was the under-dog. I am
willing to aknowledge that Dudes has their weakness,
but so has every thing. Even Oscar Wild, ef put to
the test;—and I allus feel sorry for George Washing-
ton 'cause he died 'fore he got to see Oscar Wild.
And then another reason why you oughtent to jump

onto Dudes is, they don't know what's the matter with
'em any more than us folks in whom they come in
daily contact. Dudes all walks and looks in the face
like they was on their way to fill a engagement with a
revolvin' lady wax-figger in some millener-winder, and
had fergot the number of her place of bizzness. Some
folks is mean enough to bitterly a-sert that Dudes is
strained in their manners and fools from choice; But
they aint. It's a gift—Dudes is Geenuses—that's what
Dudes is.

USE Roscoe's patent corset. None other genuine.
—Adv.

USE Evart's Porous Plasters for Blaine in the head.
—Adv.

TRY Widder Butler's Soothing Syrup. 25 cents.—
Adv.

THE "FREDDIE" duelling pistol, safe and reliable.—
Adv.





IN RUSSIAN HIGH LIFE.



ROMANCE.

IN BLACK AND WHITE.

I.

JOHN RANDOLPH of New Haven, late
A coachman in the nutmeg state,

Though blest with a superb physique
Was weakly moulded in the beak;

Of breadth of outline exquisite,
Was out of drawing in the feet;

Perhaps a nicer taste would feel
Too little lacking in the heel;

In short, though of heroic figure,
John was an 18-karat nigger.

II.

Almira Bangham, ere she loved,
In Norwalk's highest circles moved;

In type, she was a sorrel blonde,
Of cultured taste and temper fond;

No fairer maid adorned, than she,
Connecticut society;

White was her face tint as the blank
Space on my cheques upon the bank;

His body-color was as black
As the endorsement on the back;

In short, each wanted light or shade—
Their union chiar'-oscuro made;

Though fairer than this cusséd snow,
Should Norwalk girls be proud? Why, no.

III.

This passion for a face so dark
Called forth, in Norwalk, some remark;

Her parents noted with much choler
Her preference of form to color.

Her pa grew mad, but she grew more so,
And bade him note J. Randolph's torso.

Her ma pronounced the grave suspicion
She hadn't seen enough of Titian.

Her early lovers begged her judge
Between them and a charcoal smudge.

The hired man, a deep sigh fetching,
Ascribed it all to Haden's etching.

IV.

The bridegroom stood up, large and dark—
The bride considered it a lark,

For when the service was begun,
She whispered to him, "Ain't it fun!"

Across his face a smile there flashed,
As when a watermelon's gashed;

Then all was still, save that his bride
Nudged flippantly a bridesmaid's side;

The parson read with undue haste;
He thought it all in shocking taste,

And said to her, when all was ended,
And black and white forever blended,

"The die is cast." She wiped her een.
"Well, anyhow, 'tain't aniline."

V.

The average Connecticutter
On points of art alone is utter.

The line must be somewhere in sight—
They draw it there twixt black and white.

VI.

What was the outcome? Them hath cut
The Blue Blood of Connecticut.

Artistic yet, but *hors concours*,
They live on the Long Island shore.

No more in Bridgeport they partake
Of beer and ices, cocoa-cake,

Or other joys of the beau monde;
But still Almira, sorrel blonde,

With many a little sketch or study
Of outline free and tincture muddy,

In sepia or in India ink,
Lives on th' unsocial ocean's brink;

And some are replicas or mates
Done in their first or second states ;
Many of them are Rembrandtesque,
More are striking, most grotesque ;
Some are in charcoal, some in chalk—
All speaking likenesses—they talk !
And some bear pa's or ma's imprints
In little stippled mezzotints ;
While some of them, upon my word,
Are pranked out like a checker-board.

L'ENVOI.

You ask me for the moral, but
There are none—in Connecticut.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HARPER.—(1.) Yes, Lydia Pinkham is a good selection for your next. (2.) The title, "Types of American Beauty," is excellent. (3.) Yes, we will try our influence with Susan B.

ROSCOE C.—Bandoline.

M. VIGNAUX.—(1.) Yes, the first ball should be struck first. (2.) Strike the ball simultaneously on top, underneath, and put the English on both sides, and you cannot fail to score. (3.) Why did you miss that draw ? Probably because, being a Frenchman, your knowledge of English is imperfect.

ALEXANDER III.—To kill Nihilists ? Give them soap and spelling books. Sure death.

BENJAMIN S., Yale.—It was undoubtedly a cold deck.

FREDDIE G. (1.) No, it is spelled l-i-a-r. Lyre is a musical instrument. (2.) Would it be beneath you to notice him ? Well, that depends. If he is the larger, and has science to back his muscle up, we think it would. (3.) Yes, people have been hurt in duels (this is the correct spelling—not *devels*), and many have caught cold while thus exposed. (4.) No, the police will not interfere. They have no need to.

WILLIE S.—(1.) Called you a "carpet knight," did he ? Well, what of it ? (2.) What weapons should you choose ? Try spelling books at four paces. (3.) No, the President came to attend the opening of the Bridge, and not to try to act as mediator between you.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS.—Yes, as you say, they are two silly little numskulls, trying to make the community think they are men. Let them go ahead. If their fists are as soft as their heads they can't hurt each other.

JOHN K.—To cure the brogue ? Take one cake of soap, two towels, a bath, half a pound of Paris green and a spoonful of prussic acid.

MCCOSH, Princeton.—(1.) For that purpose, Jamaica *is* better than Santa Cruz. (2.) It was probably the lemon peel.

LITTLE CLASSICS.

II.

EHU, diddle, diddle,
Felis est in fiddle,
Cowque supersaltabat the lunam,
The parvulus dog risit
Videre such ludum
Et dish concurrat cum spoonam.*

WANTED.—A strong, healthy and intelligent girl, Irish Catholic preferred, as governess to a religious parrot.—A. D., this office.—*Adv.*

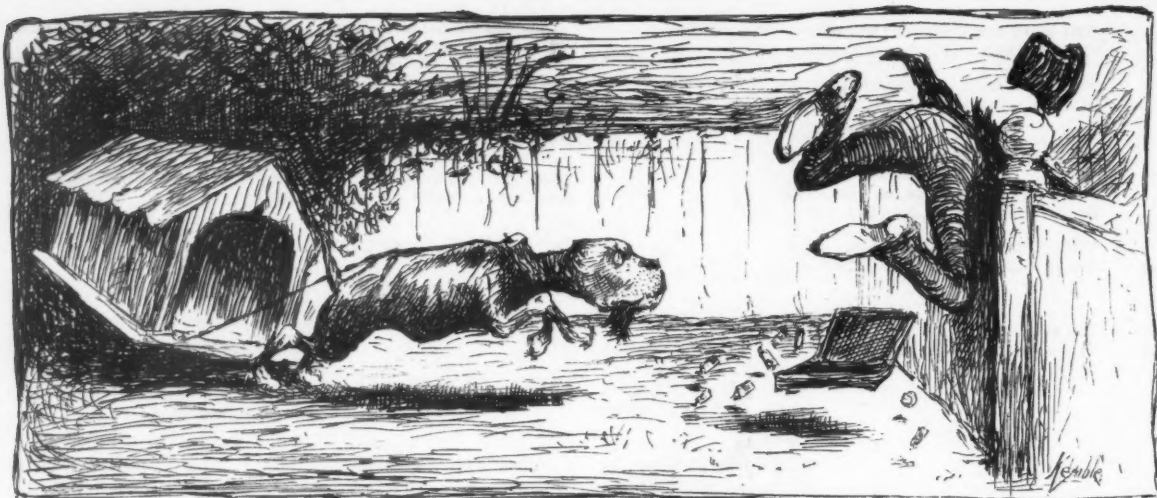
D. DAVIS' Infallible Anti-Fat, at all druggists'.—*Adv.*

FOR SALE.—A large assortment of Gothic sentences, by the yard or piece, remnants of a speech on the Bridge. Address, William M. E., this office.—*Adv.*



WANTED—COLORED MAN TO DRIVE DOCTOR,
acquainted with city. 219 West — Street.

* The grammar and declension are somewhat warped in this line to make the rhyme go.



GOING FOR THE DOCTOR.

THE WAIL OF A REJECTED CONTRIBUTOR.

WHEN I came to your office with a poem in hand

(Said I to myself, said I),

"I'll knock sky high all the wits in the land."

(Said I to myself, said I):

"I'll get this in LIFE. My fortune is made."

I pictured myself in glory arrayed.

"I'll go and get married, and give up the trade"

(Said I to myself, said I).

You smiled very sweetly, my poem you took.

(Said I to myself, said I):

"He'll give me a check, I can tell by his look"

(Said I to myself, said I).

I felt much encouraged, you read it all through,

You roared and you laughed, you thought it quite too.

"He'll make it a 'tenner,'" as I took my adieu

(Said I to myself, said I).

I waited a day, I waited a week!

(Said I to myself, said I):

"To keep me so long that man has a cheek"

(Said I to myself, said I).

"I'll write him, and tell him to send me my check,

That I'm poverty stricken, a miserable wreck,

And if he don't send it, I'll jump on his neck!"

(Said I to myself, said I).

At length a note came. "Here's richness at last"

(Said I to myself, said I).

I tore up the flapper. "Great Scott, hold me fast!"

(Said I to myself, said I).

"Your poem is herewith returned unto you.

I'm sorry, my friend, I'm afraid it won't do."

"Well, that is a check from Checkville, Missou"

(Said I to myself, said I).

J. K. BANGS.

DOLLARS OR DAMNATION.

WE cheerfully endorse the subjoined, from the
San Francisco *Argonaut* of May 5th:

MONEY OR MASSES.—Reverend Robert J. Maguire, for many years Pastor of St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church, Court Street, Brooklyn, died in 1881, leaving an estate variously estimated at from twenty-five thousand dollars to twice that amount. The Reverend Father Curran, of St. Andrew's Church, this city, since deceased, was named as executor under the will. Father Curran died intestate, and the estate went into the hands of the public administrator. Provision was made, it is said, by Father Maguire for the celebration of masses for the repose of his soul. Reverend Philip Kenny, who was assistant pastor at St. Paul's, performed the ceremonies, saying the masses desired. Father Kenny has now begun suit to recover twelve thousand dollars against the estate of his deceased pastor for the services rendered. The action is brought before the Supreme Court, and has been referred to counsellor William B. Davenport, who is taking testimony in the matter. Messrs. P. J. O'Hanlon and ex-Judge Morris appear for the plaintiff, who is assistant pastor of the Church of the Nativity, in Madison street, Brooklyn, and Charles J. Otis represents the legal interest of George B. Abbot, the public administrator.—*New York Herald*.

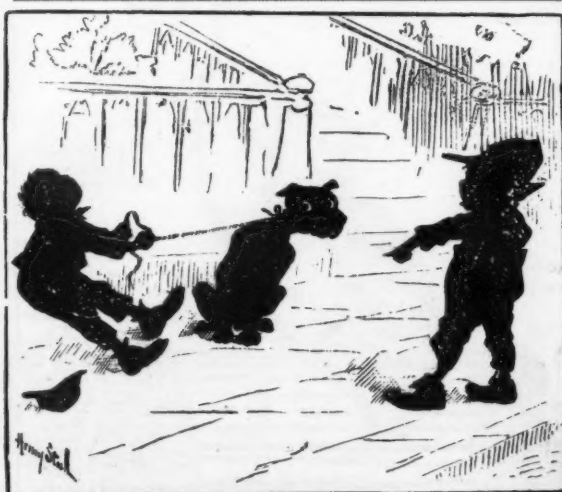
This bringing of a suit against one priest, for compensation for praying another out of purgatory, beats us altogether. In the first place, we thought all priests went directly to the bosom of Abraham, and that, when they died in sanctity, they skipped the domain which we infidels call "Fiddler's Green," but which, in the more sedate language of the church, is called "Purgatory." We thought these Roman Christians so loved one another that when a priest, by some unlucky accident, like that which lately occurred in Brooklyn, slipped his foot and brought up on the debatable ground, they would pray him out of his dilemma in the half-way house on the down grade. But for one priest to demand of another twelve thousand dollars for lifting him up from purgatorial pains, and placing him with harp and stool upon the golden pave, is a thing never dreamed of in our philosophy. We do not understand how Father Kenny is to maintain his action. First, we take it, his lawyers must prove the following facts—viz., that there is a purgatory; that Father Maguire had a soul while living; that his soul survives him dead, and that it has gone to purgatory. The court will doubtless take judicial cognizance of the character of the place called purgatory, and admit that it is a devilishly uncomfortable position for a priest to be put in. The plaintiff will then prove that he said the masses, and said them upon an empty stomach, and in all respects complied with the requirements of the church. He must, we think, prove that his prayers have been effective, in order

that the jury may intelligently assess their value. Then, we presume, experts may be called in to prove the value of like services in like cases. We shall look for this evidence with great interest to inform us what is the tariff for purgatorial deliverance. We are altogether in the dark as to the commercial value of religious consolations, for the sacramental ceremony of marriage, and for the baptisms of infants and adults in holy water. This kind of information is of practical use, and we think we express the wish of the average non-papist in desiring to know—in the event of our becoming Romanists—just how much the Roman Catholic plan of salvation costs. We would not speak irreverently of these sacred ceremonies, nor lightly of the holy mysteries which enshroud the faith of the members of the only true, holy, catholic and apostolic church; but when an anointed priest of God comes into court, and demands compensation in coin for services rendered by him at the altar in aid of a tortured soul that is dead and wanders, we demand to know whether we may not inquire into all the details of a service for which a priest of Rome demands a money price. It would be an interesting fact if we could ascertain historically just when the practice was introduced of selling masses. Judas was the only apostle, if we remember aright, who loved coin; and, if we are correct in our readings, Christ, and the apostles, and the early Christians, were enjoined to set no value on their ministrations, but to preach Christ and Him crucified, without money and without price—to preach the gospel to all the world, going forth with staff, but not with purse. One follower of Jesus demanding twelve thousand dollars for rescuing the soul of another from eternal torment!—and that in the city of Brooklyn, in 1883. Great God!!!

A WITTICISM VERSIFIED.

"Qualis erat! quantum mutatus ab illo."—VIRG.

WHY Dick, my fine fellow—indeed I must own
I scarcely should know you, so changed you have
grown.
You were, while at college, a curly-haired lad,
And I plainly recall the slim figure you had,
But now, by the mass!—and you needn't look surly—
'Tis your hair that is *slim*, and your figure that's *curly*.
DOLAROW.



"How now, sirrah," growled the haughty baron,
"Dost falter!—Away with yon hound to the pound hard
by; I will e'en await thy return with the thirty piastres
thou shalt receive for him: Delay not, varlet, or By're
Lady, it shall fare ill with thee!"

THE poetical editor of LIFE regrets that he is seldom able to read over a dozen poems at one sitting. Editors are a sordid, grovelling, grubbing and unappreciative set, and the poetical editor of LIFE is no exception. A pale youth with red eye winkers and freckled ears slunk in yesterday to inquire about a little "sonnet in alcaic hexameters" he had sent us. Fortunately it was one of the lucky six, fished from the basket by Bliff's cat, who, under the extra stimulus of a pinched tail, had clawed a hole right through it. His eye brightened as we slowly unfolded the thing. The first lines ran thus:

"Thy love, O coruscating, ethereal star,
Whose bright effulgence"—

We said: "This opening is too astronomical, so to speak. People like something more juicy." He admitted that perhaps it wouldn't please the vulgar masses.

We resumed the reading. The 37th stanza wound up thus:

— "Queen of summers seventeen,
May thy future e'er be heavenly!"

We said again: "This is not wholly unintelligible, gentle idiot, but does 'seventeen' rhyme with 'heavenly'?" He explained that it was by poetic license he ran it in. We picked the thing up again. The 109th stanza was this:

"I deemed her the one thing undefined
By the air we breathe in a world of sin,
The truest, the tenderest, purest child,
A man ever trusted in."

We looked over our spectacles: "Young man, *this* was written by a poet!" He blushed and modestly acknowledged the compliment. "This stanza," we continued, "is in Meredith's best style. In fact it is his language. It is exactly like something in one of his best poems. You are talented." We went on. The concluding lines were miraculously original and fetching:

"And in the dreary sarcophaguses of our hearts,
Where no refulgent ray bright Hope imparts,
In melody sweet may thy phantasm lie
Through all atheistic eternity."

"Benign and mesmeric numskull," we said, "this thing is too thin. 'Atheistic eternity' is a beautiful expression in Modoc, even as the 'dreary sarcophaguses of our hearts' is one of the most tender thoughts of the Kickapoo bard, but like Scribe's plays, they lose their beauty when translated. This poem contains some lovely lines. You have the happy knack of so closely imitating Byron, Shelley, Moore, Tennyson and Scott, that in places an expert couldn't tell the difference. Then you branch off into a style peculiarly your own, and leave everything to the imagination and the dictionary. Your spelling is original, too. Dispell, niether, witch, sutch, weding, etc., are variations on the ordinary monotonous orthography which will doubtless take. You should write for the *Home Journal* and the *Chicago Tribune*. Your poetry is like Wagner's music—it belongs to the future. You had better burn this up—or send it to the *Century*. They might give you a thousand dollars for it. Doctor Holmes has got less for poems not half so long. If we had written it, we would rather have five hundred dollars than print it in a strictly funny paper. Ethereal maniac, we cannot publish this. This is a feverish office. Not a week ago there was a poet brutally assassinated on that very spot. The Fighting and Religious Editor did it. He is frenzied yet. Ha! hear you his tread upon the stair? He comes! fly!"

There was a quick grab at the pile of manuscript, a gleam of a pale face shooting through the doorway, a scabble down the back stairs, and the poet was gone. Bliff put an extra dab of tar on the cat's ears and winked at the advertising solicitor. Then all was still.



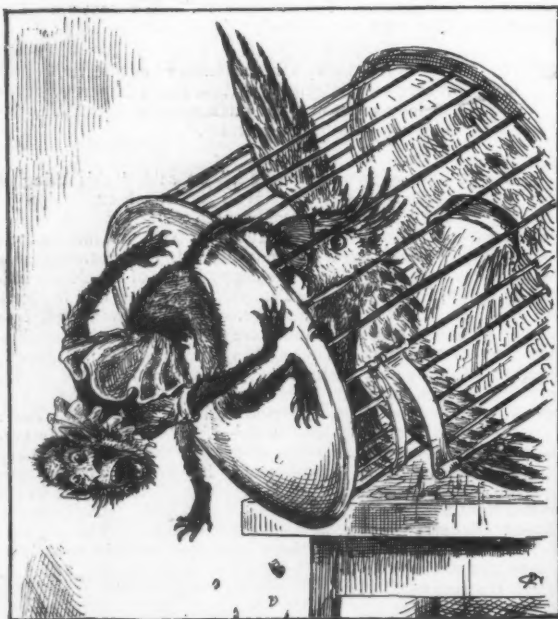
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II.

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III.

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